

For no name fits thy nature but thy owne.

Tam. Giue me thy poynard, you shal know my boyes
Your Mothers hand shall right your Mothers wrong.

Deme. Stay Madam heere is more belongs to her,
First thrash the Corne, then after burne the straw:

This Minion stood vpon her chastity,
Vpon her Nuptiall yow, her loyaltie,
And with that painted hope, braues your Mightinesse,
And shall she carry this vnto her graue?

Chi. And if she doe,
I would I were an Eunuch,
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead Trunke Pillow to our lust.

Tamo. But when ye haue the honny we desire,
Let not this Waspe out-live vs both to sting.

Chir. I warrant you Madam we will make that sure:
Come Mistris, now perforce we will enioy,

That nice-prefeuged honestie of yours.

Lau. Oh *Tamora*, thou bearst a woman face,
Tamo. I will not heare her speake, away with her.

Lau. Sweet Lords intreat her heare me but a word:
Deme. Listen faire Madam, let it be your glory

To see her teares, but be your hart to them,
As vnrelenting flint to drops of raine.

Lau. When did the Tigers young-ones teach the dam?
O doe not learne her wrath, she taught it thee.

The milke thou suckt from her did turne to Marble,
Euen at thy Teat thou hadst thy Tyranny.

Yet euery Mother breeds not Sonnes alike,
Do thou intreat her shew a woman pittie.

Chiro. What?
Wouldst thou haue me proue my selfe a bastard?

Lau. 'Tis true
The Rauens doth not hatch a Larke,

Yet haue I heard, Oh could I finde it now,
The Lion moud with pittie, did indure

To haue his Princely pawes par'd all away.
Some say, that Rauens foster forlorne children,

The while their owne birds famish in their nests:
Oh be to me though thy hart say no,

Nothing so kind but something pittifull.

Tamo. I know not what it meanes, away with her.
Lau. Oh let me teach thee for my Fathers sake,

That gaue thee life when well he might haue slaine thee:
Be not obdurate, open thy deafe eares.

Tamo. Hadst thou in person nere offended me,
Euen for his sake am I pittilesse:

Remember Boyes I pow'd forth teares in vaine,
To saue your brother from the sacrifice,

But fierce *Andronicus* would not relent,
Therefore away with her, and vse her as you will,

The worse to her, the better lou'd of me.

Lau. Oh *Tamora*,
Be call'd a gentle Queene,

And with thine owne hands kill me in this place,
For 'tis not life that I haue beg'd so long,

Poore I was slaine, when *Bassianus* dy'd.

Tam. What beg'st thou then? fond woman let me go?
Lau. 'Tis present death I beg, and one thing more,

That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
Oh keepe me from their worse then killing lust,

And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where neuer mans eye may behold my body,

Doe this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet Sonnes of their fee,
No let them satisfie their lust on thee.

Deme. Away,
For thou hast staid vs heere too long.

Lavinia. No Garace,
No womanhood? Ah beastly creature,

The blot and enemy to our generall name,
Confusion fall—

Chi. Nay then Ile stop your mouth
Bring thou her husband,

This is the Hole where *Aaron* bid vs hide him.

Tam. Farewell my Sonnes, see that you make her sure,
Nere let my heart know merry cheere indeed,

Till all the *Andronicus* be made away:
Now will I hence to seeke my louely *Moore*,

And let my spleenfull Sonnes this Trunk despoile. *Exit.*

Enter Aaron with two of Titus Sonnes.

Aron. Come on my Lords, the better foote before,
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,

Where I espied the Panther fast asleepe.

Quin. My sight is very dull what ere it bodes.

Marti. And mine I promise you, were it not for shame,
Well could I leaue our sport to sleepe a while.

Quin. What art thou fallen?
What subtle Hole is this,

Whose mouth is couered with Rude growing Briars,
Vpon whose leaues are drops of new-shed blood,

As fresh as mornings dew distill'd on flowers,
A very fatall place it seemes to me:

Speake Brother hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Martius. Oh Brother,
With the dismall't object

That euer eye with sight made heart lament,
Aron. Now will I fetch the King to finde them heere,

That he thereby may haue a likely gesse,
How these were they that made away his Brother. *Exit Aaron.*

Marti. Why dost not comfort me and helpe me out,
From this vnhallo'd and blood-stained Hole?

Quintus. I am surpris'd with an vncooth feare,
A chilling sweat ore-runs my trembling ioynts,

My heart suspects more then mine eie can see.

Marti. To proue thou hast a true diuining heart,
Aaron and thou looke downe into this den,

And see a fearefull sight of blood and death.

Quintus. *Aaron* is gone,
And my compassionate heart

Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:

Oh tell me how it is, for nere till now
Was I a child, to feare I know not what.

Marti. Lord *Bassianus* lies embrewed heere,
All on a heape like to the slaughterd Lambe,

In this detested, darke, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be darke, how doost thou know 'tis he?

Mart. Vpon his bloody finger he doth weare
A precious Ring, that lightens all the Hole:

Which like a Taper in some Monument,
Doth shine vpon the dead mans earthly cheekes,

And shewes the ragged intrails of the pit:
So pale did shine the Moone on *Piramus*,

When he by night lay bath'd in Maiden blood:
O Brother helpe me with thy fainting hand.

If feare hath made thee faint, as mee it hath,
Out of this fell deuouring receptracle,

As hatefull as *Osiris* misthe mouth.

Quint. Reach me thy hand, that I may helpe thee out.

Or wanting strength to doe thee so much good,
I may be pluckt into the swallowing wombe,
Of this deepe pit, poore *Bassianus* graue:
I haue no strength to plucke thee to the brinke.
Martius. Nor I no strength to clime without thy help.
Quin. Thy hand once more, I will not loose againe,
Till thou art heere aloft, or I below,
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee. *Both full in.*

Enter the Emperour, Aaron the Moore.

Satur. Along with me, Ile see what hole is heere,
And what he is that now is leapt into it.
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend,
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Marti. The vnhappy sonne of old *Andronicus*,
Brought hither in a most vnluckie houre,
To finde thy brother *Bassianus* dead.

Satur. My brother dead? I know thou dost but iest,
He and his Lady both are at the Lodge;

Vpon the North-side of this pleasant Chase,
'Tis not an houre since I left him there.

Marti. We know not where you left him all aliue,
But out alas, heere haue we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tamo. Where is my Lord the King?
King. Heere *Tamora*, though grieu'd with killing griefe.

Tamo. Where is thy brother *Bassianus*?

King. Now to the bottome dost thou searce my wound,
Poore *Bassianus* heere lies murdered.

Tamo. Then all too late I bring this fatall writ,
The complot of this timelesse Tragedie,

And wonder greatly that mans face can fold,
In pleasing smiles such murderous Tyrannie.

She giueth Saturnine a Letter.

Saturninus reads the Letter.

And if we misse to meete him hanfomely,
Sweet huntsman, *Bassianus* 'tis we meane,

Doe haue so much as dig the graue for him,
Thou know'st our meaning, looke for thy reward

Among the Nettles at the Elder tree:
Which ouer-shades the mouth of that same pit,

Where we decreed to bury *Bassianus*
Doe this and purchase vs thy lasting friends.

King. Oh *Tamora*, was euer heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the Elder tree,

Looke first, if you can finde the huntsman out,
That should haue murdered *Bassianus* heere.

Aron. My gracious Lord heere is the bag of Gold.

King. Two of thy whelpes, fell Curs of bloody kind
Haue heere bereft my brother of his life:

Sirs drag them from the pit vnto the prison,
There let them bide vntill we haue deuiz'd

Some neuer heard-of torturing paine for them.

Tamo. What are they in this pit,
Oh wondrous thing!

How easily murder is discovered?

Tit. High Emperour, vpon my feeble knee,
I beg this boone, with teares, not lightly shed,

That this fell fault of my accursed Sonnes,
Accus'd, if the faults be prou'd in them.

King. If it be prou'd? you see it is apparant,